

# Violet Fly

fanzine

number



riot girl

loralogie

crime is beauty

cartoons

sex

daisies

hiya.

this issue of Violet is a bit (very) late in coming out due to complete and utter laziness on my part but also freaky stuff has been happening to me + I was scared that if I did the zine it would just be a total bitchy lump of hatred and paranoid shite ~ so, inner tranquility equals another issue. Um, I get the feeling this zine is different from the other Violets, there is less about Riot grrrl in it than usual. I guess that's because I've been so into my band rather than writing so less of that kinda thing has been in my head, but so what. I think there's more personal stuff too, I hope that doesn't come across as egotistical, it's just what I've been thinking about the most, y'know, relationships + stuff. anyway. enjoy.

LUCY



## RANTS IN YOUR PANTS

I'm sorry to harp on so much about riot grrrl but there's some stuff I have to talk about. I feel like I have less of a right to talk about riot grrrl just now than I did a while ago just because I haven't written to anyone for a while and haven't sent off for many fanzines and stuff. Is it me being a lazy git or are less people putting out zines? Are things grinding to a halt? I think I don't really fit in that well anymore anyway, it seems some people really really hate me for slagging off Chris from Huggy Bear and Skinned Teen, not even really slagging them off - just saying that I personally did not like something they did. For FUCK SAKE, why should I have to like them - they live in London and have a nice little clique with tons of zines which tell them how ace they are - I live in a small village in Scotland and listen to Gary Numan! I see this whole scene down south that I just don't want to be a part of at all - of course there are some brilliant people like the people who do GIRLFRENZY, Chris and Loretta who do PIAO! which LUNG LEG <sup>have</sup> have a single on and a few others but for the most part it seems like TOW THE RIOT GRRRL LINE or your OUT. Fucksake - I went to London to see my friends bands LUNG LEG and POLICE CAT play at the Laurel Tree and just about everyone left after Police Cat. Police Cat had had a good write up in the music press by this time so obviously all these cool hip underground scenesters are just shits who believe the ~~kak~~ the Melody Maker says and didn't bother to stay for Lung Leg which are one of the only female bands in britain doing really brilliant original stuff. It makes me feel frustrated when I hear some new band that just sound like another 'riot grrrl' band. I'd be really impressed if Skinned Teen sounded like Suicide - there was just two of them and they used the cheapest cheesiest keyboards ever but still sound so sexy and scary and fresh while Skinned

Teen nip my head. I feel so ~~I want~~ bad because Layla is this really nice but it's time ~~record~~ for some honesty in this scene and if I'm the only person prepared to stand up <sup>also</sup> ~~also~~ Japanese couldn't play + stuff + they are AMAZING!



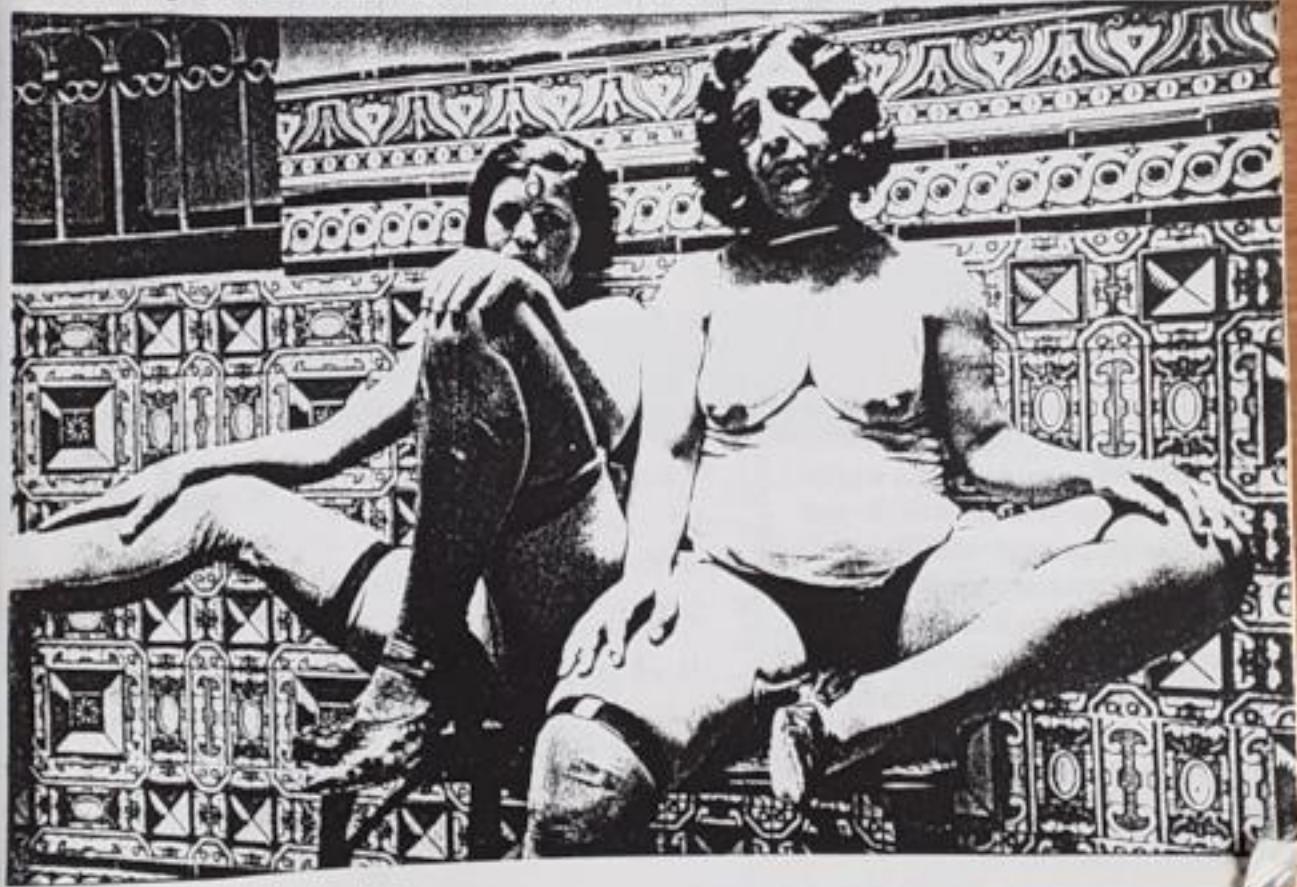
George are pish!' than that is very very sad indeed. But at the same time as I say this, it doesn't bother me at all cuz I know I will always call myself a riot grrrl regardless to what anyone else does or if my tastes in music change and I end up playing in a string quartet. It's the same with queercore, thank fuck I'm not gay cuz if I was I would have a hard time finding 'queer core' bands I liked. I think we just have to get out of this idea that riot grrl music should sound PUNK or ALTERNATIVE or INDEPENDANT cuz these 'genres' are pretty much redundant in my eyes.

Bikini Kill are one of my favourite bands of all time but I know they are just 3 chord punk rock and it is the emotion that makes them amazing - I don't want to make music like Bikini Kill. I just feel like emotion through lyrics or someones voice is not for me - it has been done so much and it is a real challenge to convey feeling through music alone (though Heavens to Betsy I love). Why is having a sense of humour so reviled too? Humour is good for a band but I admire bands with no ~~sense~~ (or at least a warped) sense of humour. The fact that Black Sabbath are deadly serious is what makes them brilliant! Maybe some people are scared of being called pretentious if they



admit that they are being deadly serious - I think I would have more respect for Huggy Bear if, when everyone accused them of being pofaced they got even more extreme and uncompromising, instead they tried to prove they had a sense of humour.

I've been reading Men In Love and it's made me think a lot about sex. I am completely and utterly confused by sex, it's just this huge big blob and I can't figure it out at all. I feel a bit wary, but at the same time am totally in awe of people who have worked out to a pin point what turns them on. How can they be so sophistocated? Fabby is so good at masturbating that she managed to get a band 1 A for History higher because she wanked while she studied! To be a foot fetishist or transvestite or into getting pissed on by 10 year old boys must mean you have a clear idea of what you are into - I don't know at all and it worries me a bit. I don't think I'm either dominant or submissive - but I guess if your having really brilliant sex you do slip into these roles but they switch round all the time - oh, I dunno. I know I sometimes feel a bit guilty if I find things that your SUPPOSED to think are sexy, sexy - like that song Warm Leatherette by The Normal - it is so obviously supposed to be a creepy, sexy song - and I do think it's creepy and sexy. Or big tits - I like them, and older men - I like that too! I feel so uncool cuz I fall for all these cheesy things. I don't feel any different from when I started to have sex either -



aren't you supposed to get better at sex as you get older and learn stuff? I don't feel like I've learned anything! I now know what I really object to though just out of stupid trial + error. I know for sure that I never want to be with a person, as far as 'long term' relationships go, who is wanking over someone else the whole time. I was dumb enough to stick w/a guy told me how fat and dumpy I was all the time. He never said anything about my body except what a short, fat sexless girl I was and like a fucking idiot I put up with it because I thought he loved me and when he said these things he would always make out he was into me - it turned out he was fucking someone else so I was left with being an unattractive blob BUT I hope I don't come across like I really care + it eats at my brain or anything. It completely hurted at the time but I don't care. The very thought of being with someone who when you are fucking is looking at you and thinking of someone else makes me feel sad. Christ, having sex with someone lets you find out so much more about them - it's an HONOUR to fuck someone and see them be so completely vulnerable! At the same time as not understanding sex, I'm a total wimp and always seem to fuck myself up over it - my life would be simple if I never had sex with anyone - it's not even as if it rules my life or anything - I crave love much more than just sex but it still seems like it's the major thing that nips my head. I think I would rather have a really intimate loving relationship rather than just a fuck. Maybe it is even for the best that love + sex are kept separate? But for me -



## Eroticism is the pornography of the rich.



★HEY GIRLFRIEND★  
I'm setting up a contact service for grrrls everywhere. This is a great way to make new girl friends and spread the pro-girl vibe! If you want yrself, yr band, yr zine or whatever to be included on this list, please write to me with yr name, address and something that you would like to represent you. Write to: Angel, 132 George St, Hablethorpe, Lincolnshire, LN12 2BT. Please Send a Stamp.

I think it would be nice to look into someone's eyes + know for sure that what they see in me is a fucking

★GODDESS★ I'm not just some shag-bag or substitute for what they really want. ❤

"the trend he believes as beautiful is a fad and general

One becomes random has most supr

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GENET himself 15, deserted and their. W

sentence for Satre and Co. Later in life FEDDAYIN Pale

The French writer JEAN GENET had a very interesting philosophy, he believed among other things that hate and betrayal are just as beautiful and valid emotions as love, that modern society is a festering lie; the only escape from it being unlawfulness and general badness and best of all CRIME ENHANCES BEAUTY!

One becomes beautiful through acts of violence, deviance and random hate becoming gorgious both inner and outer through the most supreme acts - murder, rape and having gay sex.

THIS IS THE QUESTION ? DOES CRIME ENHANCE BEAUTY?  
HERE IS THE EVIDENCE : -

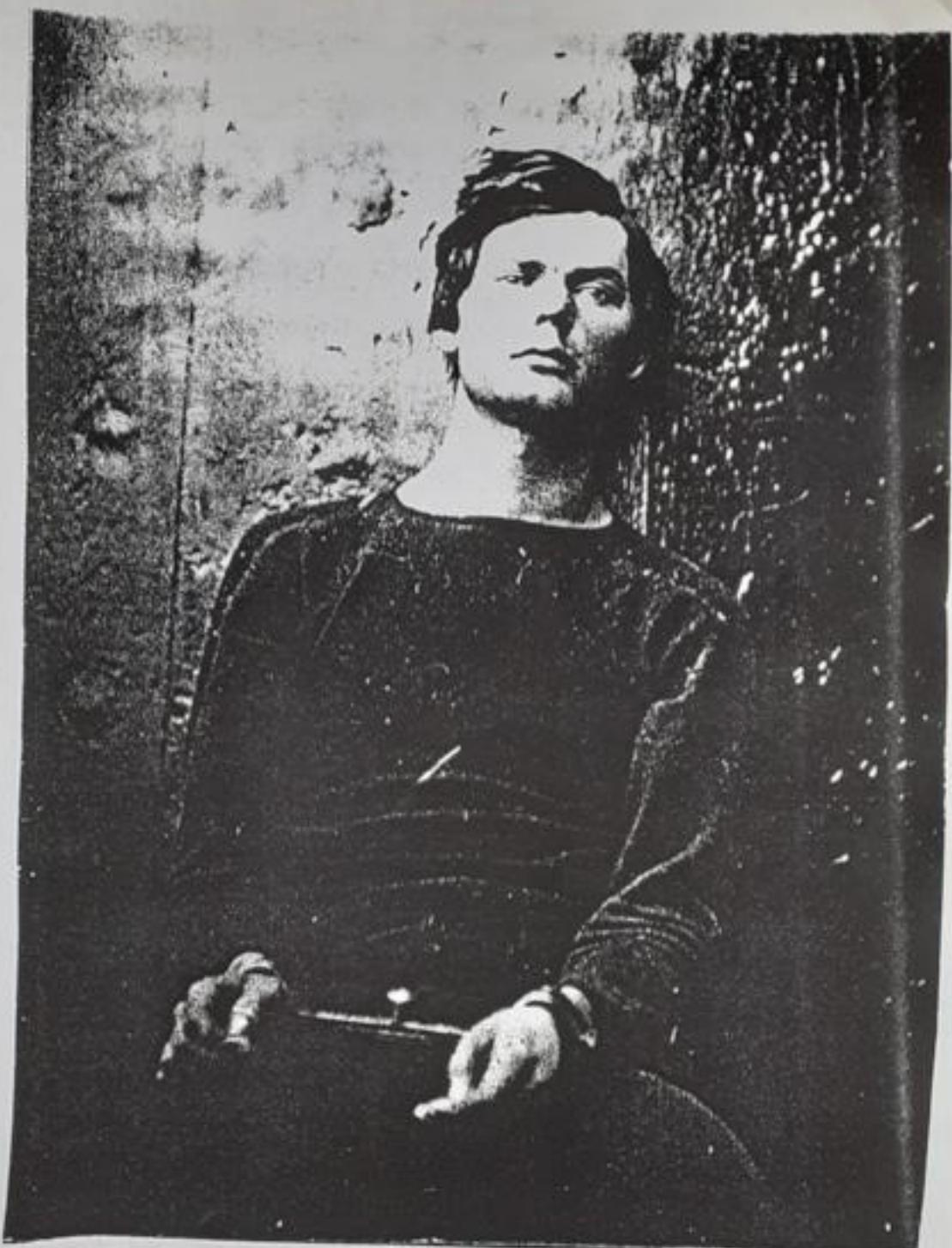


GENET himself - born to a whore in 1910, first conviction at 15, deserted the foreign legion, worked as a male prostitute and thief. When imprisoned in 1942 he started to write. He managed to get out of serving a ten year sentence for repeated theft and burglary a second time because Satre and Cocteau kicked up a fuss cuz they liked his books. Later in life he was involved with the BLACK PANTHERS and PFLDDAYIN Palestine guerrillas.



LESLIE VAN HOUTEN - 20 year old member of the Manson family  
Directly involved in the Tate/Labiana murders in 1969

LEWIS PAYNE  
In 1865. He



son family

LEWIS PAYNE - involved in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in 1865. He was hanged the day after the picture was taken.



FLORENCE REY - smart 19 year old student who with her mild mannered boyfriend on the 4th of October 1994 killed a taxi driver and 2 cops. No-one knows why yet.

## • LORA LOGIC

Lora Logic is the punk rock. She plays in the band ESSENTIAL LOGIC and had a hand in Red Crayola and X-

She was born to Susan Whitby, she school and wore a she was about 15 or Poly, an overweight braces started the speX. Lora ran away gigs and perform on Oh bondage, up your was kicked out the why, maybe Poly Sty and Lora was too mu back to her parents only to reemerge in Logic. Lora recorded with Essential Logic stuff in the early with Poly and Palmo puts all of her ene we'll probably never

Of the 6 singles in one case Virgin, four chaotic songs w abuse and amuse you. sax, ebb and flow gu theatrical and ultim One of my favourite p to sit in front of a on WAXT UP and size a to contort my mouth to words she sings. Lora world record for twis out of shape. When sh "eagle bird, a bird o becomes "Te-gal-bur-a-of-pre-ey!" and "Far alone" turns into "uh-wur-a-low-down-oo!"

## • LORA LOG

## æ LORA LOGIC æ LORA LOGIC æ

Lora Logic is the crowned queen of post punk rock. She played saxophone in her band ESSENTIAL LOGIC, both alto and tenor, and had a hand in the Slits, Raincoats, Red Crayola and Xray speX.

She was born to middle class parents as Susan Whitby, she attended private school and wore a pink uniform. When she was about 15 or 16 she and her pal Poly, an overweight asian girl with braces started their band, the Xray speX. Lora ran away from home to play gigs and perform on their first single Oh bondage, up yours! After this she was kicked out the band, I'm not sure why, maybe Poly Styrene wanted the limelight and Lora was too much of a star? So, she went back to her parents and her pink uniform only to reemerge in 1979 with Essential Logic. Lora recorded an album and 6 singles with Essential Logic before doing 'solo' stuff in the early 80's. These days, along with Poly and Palmolive from the Raincoats, she puts all of her energy into some obscure eastern religion and we'll probably never hear from her again.

Of the 6 singles Essential Logic put out, on Rough Trade and in one case Virgin, WAKE UP is the best of all. It contains four chaotic songs which confuse, abuse and amuse you. Screechy sax, ebb and flow guitar, totally theatrical and ultimately operatic! One of my favourite pastimes is to sit in front of a mirror, stick on WAKE UP and mime along trying to contort my mouth to fit the words she sings. Lora must hold the world record for twisting words out of shape. When she warbles, "eagle bird, a bird of prey" becomes "Fe-gal-bur-a-ur-a-a-bu-urd-of-pre-ey!" and "Basically we're alone" turns into "uh-bay-sa-klee-ur-a-low-ooown-oo!".

## æ LORA LOGIC æ



■ LORA LOGIC

## æ LORA LOGIC æ

For me she is what I ultimately want to be and do - a young woman making fucking amazing music, totally in control and completely original. She didn't have to fight to be heard as being involved in the London post punk scene she was surrounded by equally original and hardworking and gutsy young women - Kleenex, Delta 5, the Raincoats, Slits, Honey Main of Crass and the Falaf Microbes to name a few.

Fuck, she was 16 years old! She is my role model much more than other girls around my age making music - who is there? You've either got SHAMPOO on one end of the scale acting as if being 19 actually means you have the mental age of 12 or SKINNED TEEN on the other making music which is totally valid but ultimately says that 16 year old girls make playground music and can't master anything more demanding than a recorder. Lora is primal - her music comes from deep inside; when was compared to Captain Beefheart, she asked 'Who's Captain Beefheart?'. It's time for Riot Grrrl bands to look further than Huggy Bear and Bikini Kill and Pussycat Trash for inspiration - there is a whole fucking world of brilliant female bands from the late 70's and early 80's that have so much more to offer than Bratmobile or Linus. Pick up saxaphones or clarinets or theramins or drum machines ANYTHING - if one record comes out of this Riot Grrrl thing which is as beautiful, original, exciting fresh and scary as 'Quality Crayon Wax OK' by Lora Logic then we have done something amazing.

© LORA LOGIC

THIS IS  
A LORA LOGIC

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LORA LOGIC

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© LORA LOGIC ©

fuck  
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cunt



daydream situation  
number 1 - .

Me and the guy from  
Sparks (circa 74) are  
having a huge fist  
fight - blood, teeth  
breaking, insults  
flying - over something  
or other and I'm  
winning. We act like  
we want to kill each  
other but it is really  
just elaborate fore-  
play. Hehe.

The experience is  
enhanced by a bottle  
of Casa Barco from  
Safeway and 50 majic  
mushies each and the  
Butthole Surfers on  
a really good stereo  
with about 9 speakers  
placed around the  
Mitchel Library -  
which is where we are  
incidentally.

A good time is had  
by all, especially  
me. ♡



Jirinko and Jarmilla have made a discovery. They have realised that the whole world has been spoiled so decide that they will be spoiled too.

Jirinko and Jarmilla (also known as Marcella, Julie, Marie and various other names which they go under) are the heroines of Vera Chytilova's film *DAISIES* made in 1966. Vera Chytilova was part of the new wave in Czech cinema which was really big in the sixties until it was victim along with everything else in Czechoslovakia to the invading Soviet Union in 1968.

Although there is an underlying political theme in the film with the two girls allegorically representing fascism, *DAISIES* is basically the surreal story of two bratty sisters creating havoc and generally being BAD KIDS. In their cute little dresses and drinking pints of beer through straws they look more like 1986 indie-poppers than anything else; throughout the film their main daily lives seem to consist of eating (real food and pictures of food out of magazines), lying around at home wasting heating, water and electricity, tricking old rich men into buying them

## DAISIES

each other of a Picasa make you are played profession actresses Karbanova Jitka Cerh they're ac you could imagine so hollywood being able the parts of The girls a riot grrrls but they do a total bas mentality I I think you like it too so daises - if y

dinner and stacking them on tables where they expect something in return, seducing sensitive young men and breaking their hearts, sun bathing, fighting and getting kicked out of fancy bars for causing drunken fights. The film climaxes with Jirinko and Jarmilla ruining a banquet in what I presume is a hotel - they start with eating and drinking the expensive cakes and booz, having a food fight, a fashion parade on the table with the curtains ripped off of the windows and end by swinging on the chandalier. I won't tell you the very end as it'll spoil it for you but it is dedicated to all victims of war.

Even if the story had been crap I would have loved this as it looks and sounds great. At the start, when they the girls sound like squeaky hinges, slapastic but better and all the colours movie are gorgeous. Sometimes in black white, sometimes red or blue or green or yellow and when they get drunk the colours go red and green so I feel like putting on 3d specks - if I did they would probably make the girls jump out the telly and raid my kitchen telling me to 'oomjay, oomjay, oomjay!' (die, die, die!) in the sweetest of voices and a bat of a false eye-lash. The nearest thing I can compare the scene where the girls cut each other up with scissors is a moving, teenage, film version of a Picasso or Braque painting when they were cubists - it'll make you cross your eyes and your head explode! The two sisters are played by non-professional

actresses Ivana Karbanova and Jitka Cerhova and they're ace - you could never imagine some hollywood type being able to pull the parts off. The girls aren't riot grrrls at all but they do have a total bastard mentality I like - I think you'll like it too so see

daisies - if you have to steal it, kill for it or go to Czechoslovakia! (cover ~~leaf~~ is a daisies poster for you to put on your wall)





Jitka Cerhova and

Ivana Karbanova



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I have horrible dreams about my father. The worst ones I had recently were really scary, this is them :-

Dream 1, my dad and I are having a fist fight, he grabs me and sticks a noose around my neck though I fight it. We are in our bathroom and the toilet has grown into a well with bricks and everything - dad shoves me into it and I feel my neck hurting as he has hold of the end of the rope and is pulling on it. I splash around and I can feel myself choking and my face all hot. BUT I don't die and my dad gets really angry and pulls me out of the toilet only to cut my head off with an axe! I have no head but I am still alive and I can see, like I had a ghost inside me and am seeing through it even though I am not dead (?). I look into the well and I can see my head with the noose around it floating around - my face is purple and has a scream on it. I have long brown hair again for some reason too. I realise I am going to die as I feel my body getting slightly slower, as if I have a motor which is running down. In panic I realise I must tell my family and friends that I love them in case they never knew so say 'Dad, I love you' and he just looks confused and I remember I have no head and all that is happening is that I am making wheezing noises and my gullet is opening and closing though my ghost head is talking to him. Giving up I remember I don't want anyone reading my diary after I am dead so race up to my bedroom and try to swallow the key to it but yet again I can't cuz I'm headless and have no mouth to swallow so chuck it out the window. Then my body is getting really fuzzy and slow and I think 'yes, yes, this is what it feels like to die, I can see all my pals who are dead soon if there is an afterlife, yeha!!' and I die and wake up.

Dream 2, I walk downstairs and my dad is in the kitchen with my mum. He is grating the face off a naked baby and my mum is just standing there completely in shock, shivering, there is blood all over the kitchen table. I realise my dad has gone mad and run outside. The garage that collapsed when I was about 10 is back up and I peek inside. There are about a dozen dead, naked teenage girls with their hands and feet cut off - they look a bit like shop dummies but all blood. I see my mum and dad come out our house and get into our car with lots of bags - they are on the run. My dad looks completely evil and my mum is clearly in shock and scared of my dad. I am upset, I go into the house and the news is on t.v - a woman is pleading that she wants her baby back and whoever took it should contact her to let her know it is alive. I feel really sorry for her so do in my parents to the police. I wake up.

## ANNIE SPRINKLE POST-POST-PORN-MODERNIST

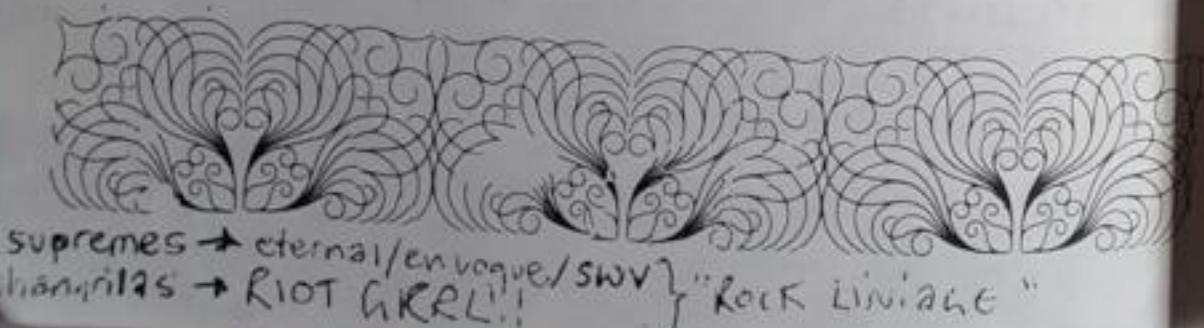
One of the highlights of the Bad Girls season was a rare British appearance by erstwhile porno icon Annie Sprinkle. Ms. Sprinkle hasn't reneged her sleazy past to the extent of someone like Linda Lovelace but nevertheless seems to have encountered her fair share of greasy scumbags in the sordid world of seventies scuzz. This appears to be the basis for the part of her show entitled "100 Worst Blowjobs", which is pretty traumatic stuff.

Most of Annie's demeanour in this early part of the performance is derived from the (stereo)typical female Seventies porno persona. As rendered by Ms. Sprinkle this is somewhat reminiscent of the (cinematic) behaviour of say, Jayne Mansfield i.e. constant giggling, feigned stupidity, hyper-enthusiasm. If this is the kind of humiliation Ms. Sprinkle had to undergo in approximately 200 of these things (such as WET XMAS, TEENAGE DEVIANT and SLIPPERY WHEN WET) it's no wonder she'd had enough.

Like many other women who work in this (sometimes dangerous) business, Ms. Sprinkle has taken greater artistic and financial control of the more recent films she has been involved in. IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE is available on UK video and is (with the exception of the opening sequence which is the kind of film Annie was making in the Seventies) free of the sleazy and somewhat misogynistic veneer that permeates much of this material. She has also made appearances in such underground epics as renegade Cinema of Transgression founder Nick (WHORGASM) Zedd's apparently incomprehensible WAR IS MENSTRUAL ENVY. She also appears in MY FATHER IS COMING by German film-maker Monika Trout, whose short film MAX was shown during Bad Girls.

In WAR IS MENSTRUAL ENVY Annie adopts her Anya persona. Anya forms the basis of the last and perhaps most interesting part of the performance. We are informed that whereas Annie SPRINKLE loves everybody, Anya loves herself. This can be perceived as not arrogant narcissism, but rather an understandable psychological defence against the pressures and unpleasantnesses of contemporary society.

Ms. Sprinkle, no matter what you may think about certain aspects of her past professional life (apparently her autobiography is banned in Britain!) is a most interesting exemplar of the fact that an individual, male or female, can take control of their own lives.



Supremes → eternal/en vogue/swv }  
Lan.ritas → RIOT (KRL!) } "Rock Linage"

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# LUNG LEG



See her try to scratch yr eyes out on the cover of EVOL by Sonic youth.  
 see her kill her family in YOU KILLED ME FIRST.  
 See her writhe around in a devil dress with a black dagger in SUBMIT TO ME Now.  
 See her being beaten while on acid by Marty Nation in Fingered.

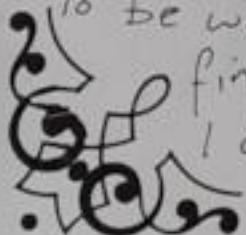
See her laughing at hippies in death Valley 69.

See where she hides her switchblade in SUBMIT TO ME.

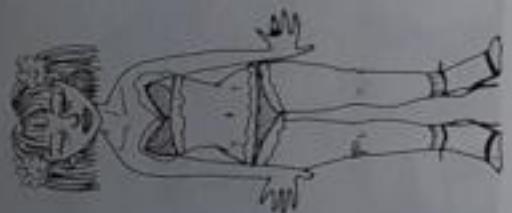
I can't say it was love at first sight, I can't even say it is love- all I know is that when Lung Leg is



strapped to a chair with her pet lizards crawling all over her skinny body in Richard Kern's SUBMIT TO ME Now it makes me want to throw up with lust + desire. I've never felt this way about a person I don't know. I don't even know if I want to fuck her but my bedroom is soon to be wallpapered with every photo/film still I can find. Literally overnight I have become obsessed. I dream about her. I crave more information about her. I have to see BLACK MONSTER. I ♥ LUNG LEG



go-go  
dancing  
with  
mimi



# REVIEWS



## ALL ABOUT CHAD - CHAD'S GOT AN EARRING

I can't review this impartially I'm afraid due to the letter that accompanied this single in the post. This record is on a small indie label called Oh! It's only pop music, ran I think by a guy called Dean Talent and it is this fellow that I got the single from on the recommendation of the girls from GRRRLS WORLD fanzine. I immediately disliked this label due to the note enclosed in the parcel, here are some extracts :-

"Being an exciting punk kid (meaning himself, Dean) means staying up all night and forgetting things (forgetting to wear trousers, how to smile, forgetting to never fall in love again...) It also means you make enemies ... (so be careful). The world is full of ugly people and you seem to have met most of them. Scary. Maybe you've just been unlucky, so take no chances - avoid boys FULL STOP (what? Girls aren't ever crap?) A pop single. Full of Boys with Guitars. But boys with guitars who come from Brooklyn New York so that's ok!!! American accents are the second most beautiful things in the world."

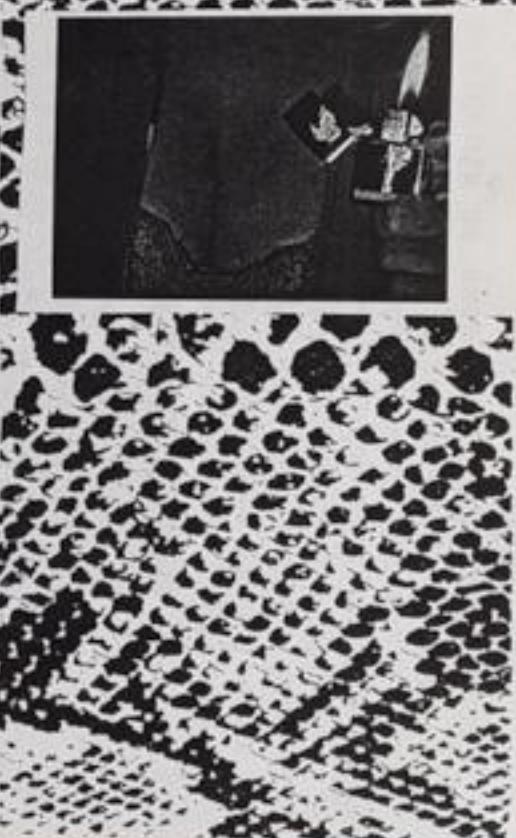
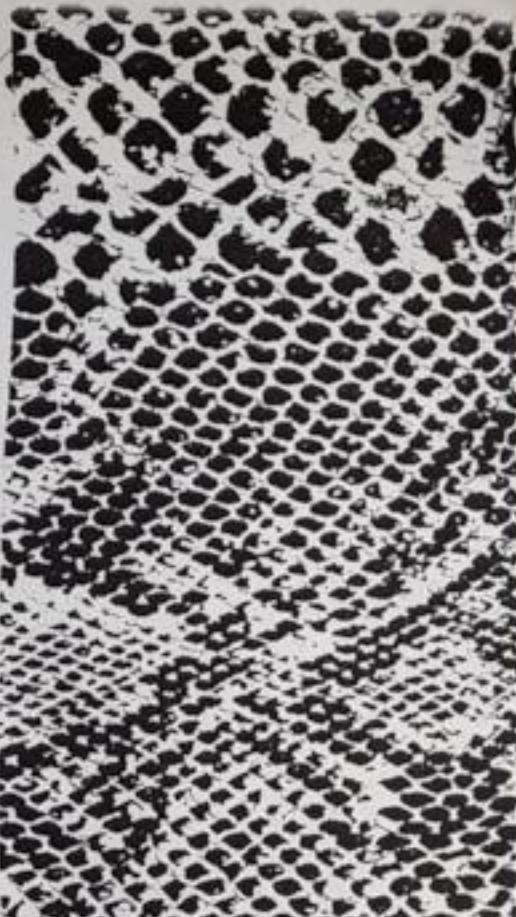
\* Bits I added in, not Dean.

He also bragged a bit about getting to play tambourine for Bratmobile - yawn yawn. Well, just cuz someone is part of the underground it doesn't make them beyond being a prick right? Despite the sadness of the letter I still managed to play the single. Ooo the beeyootiful american accents just make me swoon. Nah, actually the singer has an annoying prep-school voice and they sound a bit like a cross between They Might Be Giants and The Wonder Stuff. Dean was right - they are yer typical Boy With Guitars (sorry, American Bs W Gs), obviously can play a bit TOO well and generally middle of the road pap.

I usually have more sympathy for underground labels - Slamt and Chocolate Monk have both released some fuckin' brilliant tapes and at least the bands on them have a hint of individuality unlike Chad and his mates. I did this rotten review just to warn people - just cuz it's indie doesn't mean it's good. I'd think twice before parting with your £2.

# REVIEW

everybody knows that most fanzines are bollocks so I've decided to only review specialist magazines. In this issue I bring you LIGHTING UP - Britain's only magazine for the smoker. Free from most good tobacconists LIGHTING UP is a small yet glossy magazine with the degree of journalism that you would expect from Razzle or Asian Babes. Article on quality cigars are a bit boring but this issue (number 2) has a great article entitled Is smoking Sexy? which of course claims YES. To back up this claim they talk about all the sexy film parts played by women which have been enhanced by fags - the main example is Jodie Foster in The Accused (which is on the cover) - a film where Foster is brutally raped then told she 'asked for it' - hmm, strange choice, not the example I would have used. Lighting up is mostly pretty dull but it has this brilliant picture in it, several times, so I like it and will definitely get the next issue (if one appears that is).





THIS ISSUE PRODUCED UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF

throbbing gristle suicide richard kern essential logicsharq las  
suckdog dame darcy lung leg reid faces gary numan can kleenex  
jean genet brookside pulp fiction daisies black sabbath nan goldin  
donna summer train spotting philip k dick gilbert and george  
bridget riley fanter puyscat kill! kill! john waters roller derby  
snagglepuss the boredom free kitten caged heat pechanski take  
a hike the raincoats heino incredibly strange music vol 2  
my clarinet vogue the residents de sede sparks fishnet tights  
and the above sexy lady.

Kie

have  
dinner



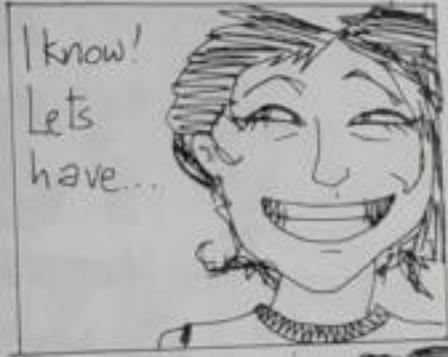
a food



# Klecker

have their  
dinner

July-Oct '94



a food fight!



# PROSTITUTE CARDS

Highbrow art THEY ARN'Y but in my books they are ACE. The life of a prostitute is a hard one but I'm glad they are around for the simple reason that they cleave the most amazing adverts in phone boxes in London. I have become a bit obsessive about calling cards and now have a collection of over 100, they adorn my bedroom walls to my mums dismay but these bright squares of sheer tack to me are nothing but beautiful - I'm surprised some artwanker hasn't done something on the late show about them yet. Anyway, from my collection I bring you the cream for those who don't get down to London enough to getvany.

18 M.	d
• Inverkip	d
• Wemyss Bay	a
Bogston	d
Cartsdyke	d
Greenock Central	a
Greenock West	c
• Fort Matilda	c
Gourock Pier	f
I think this	ook
job might be	ook
pretty good	
fun - dressing	
up fat old	
men!	
James	
Bishopton	

**It's a  
Womans  
World**

Welcome To My  
T.V. WORLD of FANTASY  
Dress To Thrill  
No Rush No Hurry

**JOY**

- 071-373 1893  
SIZE 10 STILLETOES

• Gourock a 1934


1800	1801	1802	1803	1804	1805	1806	1807	1808	1809	1810	1811	1812	1813	1814	1815	1816	1817	1818	1819	1820	1821	1822	1823	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831	1832	1833	1834	1835	1836	1837	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	1847	1848	1849	1850	1851	1852	1853	1854	1855	1856	1857	1858	1859	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	20100	20101	20102	20103	20104	20105	20106	20107	20108	20109	20110	20111	20112	20113	20114	20115	20116	20117	20118	20119	20120	20121	20122	20123	20124	20125	20126	20127	20128	20129	20130	20131	20132	20133	20134	20135	20136	20137	20138	20139	20140	20141	20142	20143	20144	20145	20146	20147	20148	20149	20150	20151	20152	20153	20154	20155	20156	20157	20158	20159	20160	20161	20162	20163	20164	20165	20166	20167	20168	20169	20170	20171	20172	20173	20174	20175	20176	20177	20178	20179	20180	20181	20182	20183	20184	20185	20186	20187	20188	20189	20190	20191	20192	20193	20194	20195	20196	20197	20198	20199	20100	20101	20102	20103	20104	20105	20106	20107	20108	20109	20110	20111	20112	20113	20114	20115	20116	20117	20118	20119	20120	20121	20122	20123	20124	20125	20126	20127	20128	20129	20130	20131	20132	20133	20134	20135	20136	20137	20138	20139	20140	20141	20142	20143	20144	20145	20146	20147	20148	20149	20150	20151	20152	20153	20154	20155	20156	20157	20158	20159	20160	20161	20162	20163	20164	20165	20166	20167	20168	20169	20170	20171	20172	20173	20174	20175	20176	20177	20178	20179	20180	20181	20182	20183	20184	20185	20186	20187	20188	20189	20190	20191	20192	20193	20194	20195	20196	20197	20198	20199	20100	20101	20102	20103	20104	20105	20106	20107	20108	20109	20110	20111	20112	20113	20114	20115	20116	20117	20118	20119	20120	20121	20122	20123	20124	20125	20126	20127	20128	20129	20130	20131	20132	20133	20134	20135	20136	20137	20138	20139	20140	20141	20142	20143	20144	20145	20146	20147	20148	20149	20150	20151	20152	20153	20154	20155	20156	20157	20158	20159	20160	20161	20162	20163	20164	20165	20166	20167	20168	20169	20170	20171	20172	20173	20174	20175	20176	20177	20178	20179	20180	20181	20182	20183	20184	20185	20186	20187	20188	20189	20190	20191	20192	20193	20194	20195	20196	20197	20198	20199	20100	20101	20102	20103	20104	20105	20106	20107	20108	20109	20110	20111	20112	20113	20114	20115	20116	20117	20118	20119	20120	20121	20122	20123	20124	20125	20126	20127	20128	20129	20130	20131	20132	20133	20134	20135	20136	20137	20138	20139	20140	20141	20142	20143	20144	20145	20146	20147	20148	20149	20150	20151	20152	20153	20154	20155	20156	20157	20158	20159	20160	20161	20162	20163	20164	20165	20166	20167	20168	20169	20170	20171	20172	20173	20174	20175	20176	20177	20178	20179	20180	20181	20182	20183	20184	20185	20186	20187	20188	20189	20190	20191	20192	20193	20194	20195	20196	20197	20198	20199	20100	20101	20102	20103	20104	20105	20106	20107	20108	20109	20110	20111	20112	20113	20114	20115	20116	20117	20118	20119	20120	20121	20122	20123	20124	20125	20126	20127	20128	20129	20130	20131	20132	20133	20134	20135	20136	20137	20138	20139	20140	20141	20142	20143	20144	20145	20146	20147	20148	20149	20150	20151	20152	20153	20154	20155	20156	20157	20158	20159	20160	20161	20162	20163	20164	20165	20166	20167	20168	20169	20170	20171	20172	20173	20174	20175	20176	20177	20178	20179	20180	20181	20182	20183	20184	20185	20186	20187	20188	20189	20190	20191	20192	20193	20194	20195	20196	20197	20198	20199	20100	20101	20102	20103	20104	20105	20106	20107	20108	20109	20110	20111	20112	20113	20114	20115	20116	20117	20118	20119	20120	20121	20122	20123	20124	20125	20126	20127	20128	20129	20130	20131	20132	20133	20134	20135	20136	20137	20138	20139	20140	20141	20142	20143	20144	20145	20146	20147	20148	20149	20150	20151	20152	20153	20154	20155	20156	20157	20158	20159	20160	20161	20162	20163	20164	20165	20166	20167	20168	20169	20170	20171	20172	20173	20174	20175	20176	20177	20178	20179	20180	20181	20182	20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Glasgow and Gourock to Dun

387-8416



Glasgow Central	d	19
Paisley Gilmour Street	d	19
Greenock Central	a	195
	d	200
Gourock	a	-
Gourock Pier	a	201
Dunoon	d	202
Kilcreggan	a	-

she's  
pretty  
sexy!!

look at their  
paces!



rai	d
set	d
rai	a
rai	d
Gourock	a
Gourock Pier	a
Dunoon	d
Kilcreggan	a

uuughh!



CROSS DRESSING  
HEAVEN

730 3732

She broke free...

DUNGEON

this ones a  
bit tasteful,  
but its saved  
by 'she broke  
free... Dungeon'

FO	M	NFX				
135	1535	1623	1655	1726	1725	1805

A FIRM HAND  
REQUIRED?  
For New Young  
Naughty Miss

379 4155

724 1957

FLAME  
NEEDS  
CANING!

Genuine 19 Year Old

Kilcreggan and

		L1
	Kilcreggan	d -
	Dunoon	d 06
	Gourock Pier	a 01
	Gourock	d 07
	Greenock Central	a 0
		d 0
	Paisley Gilmour Street	d 0
	Glasgow Central	a 0

# NEW SUPER MEGA BOOBS

FROM THE  
MAURITIUS ISLANDS

**932 0999**

Open Late

Genuine 50dd



5	1315	-	1415	-	1515	-	1615	-	1715	1715	1715	1715
	-	1355	-	1455	-	1525	-	1650	1650	-	-	-
6	1326	1410	1426	1510	1526	1540	1626	1705	1705	1726	1726	1826
2	1332	1415	1432	1515	1532	1545	1632	1715	1715	1732	1732	1832
2	1352	1443			1631	1652	1743	1743	1752	1752	1852	
3	1403	1458										

	- -
	1850 195
	1910 201
	1915 20
	- -
	1925 20
	1929 20
	1957 2
	2012 2

## NAUGHTY BOYS



**724 6783**

	Kilcreggan	d -	-	-	-
-	this ones brilliant		0950	1050	1150
-	but a bit confusing -		010	1110	1210
-	is it for straight or		013	1113	1213
-	gay, male or female?		024	1124	1224
-	I need more information!		1029	1129	1221
-			1057	1157	125
Glasgow Central	a	1011	1111	1211	131

# Glas Spanking By Angry Miss

	A
Glasgow Central	d 0555
Cardonald	d —
Hillington East	d —
Hillington West	d 0603
Paisley Gilmour Street	d 0607
Paisley St James	d —
• Bishoppton	d 0613
Langbank	d —
Woodhall	d —
Port Glasgow	d 0623
Whinhill	d —
• Branchton	d —
I.B.M.	d —
• Inverkip	d —
• Wemyss Bay	a —



**383  
0721 LOCAL**

CLASS OF  
MY OWN  
LOVELY NEW NAUGHTY  
18 yr old  
SCHOOLGIRL  
**379 4155**  
LOCAL

Hillington East	d —	0744	—	—	0814	—	—	0725	—	—	0743	—	0759	—	
Hillington West	d —	0745	—	—	0816	—	—	0727	—	—	0745	—	0801	—	
Paisley Gilmour Street	d —	0752	—	—	0820	—	—	0729	—	—	0747	—	0803	—	
Paisley St James	d —	0754	—	—	0822	—	—	0709	—	0731	0734	0734	0750	0754	0805 0807
• Bishoppton	d —	0800	—	—	0828	—	—	0733	—	—	0752	—	0807	—	
the best prostitute		—	—	—	0834	—	—	0718	—	—	0743	—	0803	—	
card of all time		—	—	—	0838	—	—	—	—	0745	—	—	—	—	
it would only be a		—	—	—	0841	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
let down if I called		—	—	—	0822	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
it but scary face		—	—	—	0827	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
plus sailor suit		—	—	—	0829	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
plus huge thighs		—	—	—	0843	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
plus prone guy		—	—	—	0845	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
equals		—	—	—	0847	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—		—	—	—	0826	—	0850	08	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—		—	—	—	0852	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—		—	—	—	0835	—	—	09	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Gourock Pier	a 0819	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
• Gourock	d —	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
• Gourock	a —	—	—	0841	—	—	09	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	

## DIVINE DOMINATION



**387 8416**

# the day the world turned

## lesbo!

All good things inevitably come to an end and Hello Skinnys' drummer and good friend Fabby has moved to France for a year as part of her uni course. Fabby is my keyhole to the world of the Glasgow lesbo and now she has gone so has a big source of entertainment and amusement for me as her gossip about <sup>the</sup> married women with peeping tom husbands and foot long black dildos she gets involved with was always engaging. I would ~~hear~~ about all the pubs and clubs she goes to to get a shneck and they all sounded kinda interesting so on the weekend before she left, me, Sunni, Fabby and on of her dyke pals hit the town for a gay Friday night.

Attire - Fabby - pinstripe trousers, wonderbra, tight tit top, big boots, lots of hair gel and tatoo on full view.

Lucy - slinky chinese dress, fishnets, wonderbra, wads of make-up and silver handbag.

Dyke Mate - jeans, hidious leather jacket w/ tassles, stripey shirt, doc shoes.

Sunni - hooded top, tennis skirt, glittery stockings, mohawk, big nazi leather coat.

The first place we went to was DELMONICAS - very expensive drinks, fucking shite music, sometimes a cheesy kareoke but lots of people. To loud to talk in this pub so sat and stared at people who I thought looked interesting (not many). Pretty boring really. Second place was a new bar near Queen street station. Walk in and am greeted by soft Cell (who I like alot) and two Kurt Cobain lookalikes shmecking. Things are looking up! Drinks expensive again but feel it is more worth it as we are served by a good looking waitor type bar man with a spacey head set on! We are sitting next to some scary gay neds in shell suits who have a poofy Smiths fan type sticking his tongue in their ears - this place is fucking exellent!! Spend the rest of the time there being a complete voyeur, I especially liked the slinky vampire lesbians undulating around and the dj all lit up playing the best in 80 synth pop - Duran Duran, Human League etc aswell as fairly good techno. I feel like I'm in the 80'S FUTURE and I love it. In the toilets are two girls shagging in the toilet, they came out all out of breath and chat to me about the

urned



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club night DIVINE which they go to and I do to. They are very nice, we are having a great time but decide to move on to the CLOW EXCHANGE. We are disgusted at having to pay £4<sup>50</sup> so Sunni and I grab as many of the free condoms and lubricants in tasteful packets around the joint as we can. We had been told to expect guys on dog leashes and sexy trannies but on entering the place we could only see neddy clubbers in white jeans and baseball caps mixing to 'Saturday Night' and doing 'one potato, two potato' style dance moves. Wait around for an hour for something to happen and a good song to dance to. I request Boney M but bad chart techno is the only thing on the menu tonight. There are mirrors everywhere and loads and loads of single guys with creepy handle bar mustaches. I feel ill from boredom. See one solitary old tranny in a dirty wig at the bar. Main entertainment comes in the form of a guy dancing in front of me all night. He thinks he is a really sexy mover and gradually warms up to holding his crotch continually and taking his top off. He disappears for a bit only to reappear with a bald old man in a Hawaiian shirt who he leads onto the dancefloor and shows his tatoo to - it is on his penis - ug. Sunni and I dance to the remix of Atomic by Blondie and Faby and her pal dance to everything. Sunni and I feel like crying from boredom and it's only 1.30am. I ask Faby if we can go as Sunni has period pain and I don't feel well but Faby wants to stay as she has her eye on somebody but we finally persuade her and she's non too happy.

So ends our evening and I had a pretty shite time except for the 80's place which I will find out the name of and totally recommend to someone on the pull for a cute lezzi chic or just in the mood for some synth pop.





## Fabby moans about being gay a lot

and being good friends we listen

After the initial few months of enthusiasm, I've now really become quite tired of the (gay) scene here in Glasgow. As regards pubs and clubs it's actually very male-orientated apart from the Women-only Karaoke Night at Delmonicas which doesn't exactly constitute an exciting night out.

Of course then there are the Lesbian Line discos which are even worse. These monthly excursions to Clyde Hall are guaranteed to send any depressive suicidal. Basically, if you aren't totally busom buddies with one of the 'gang' then you spend most of the night sitting alone, no-one bothers themselves to talk to you.

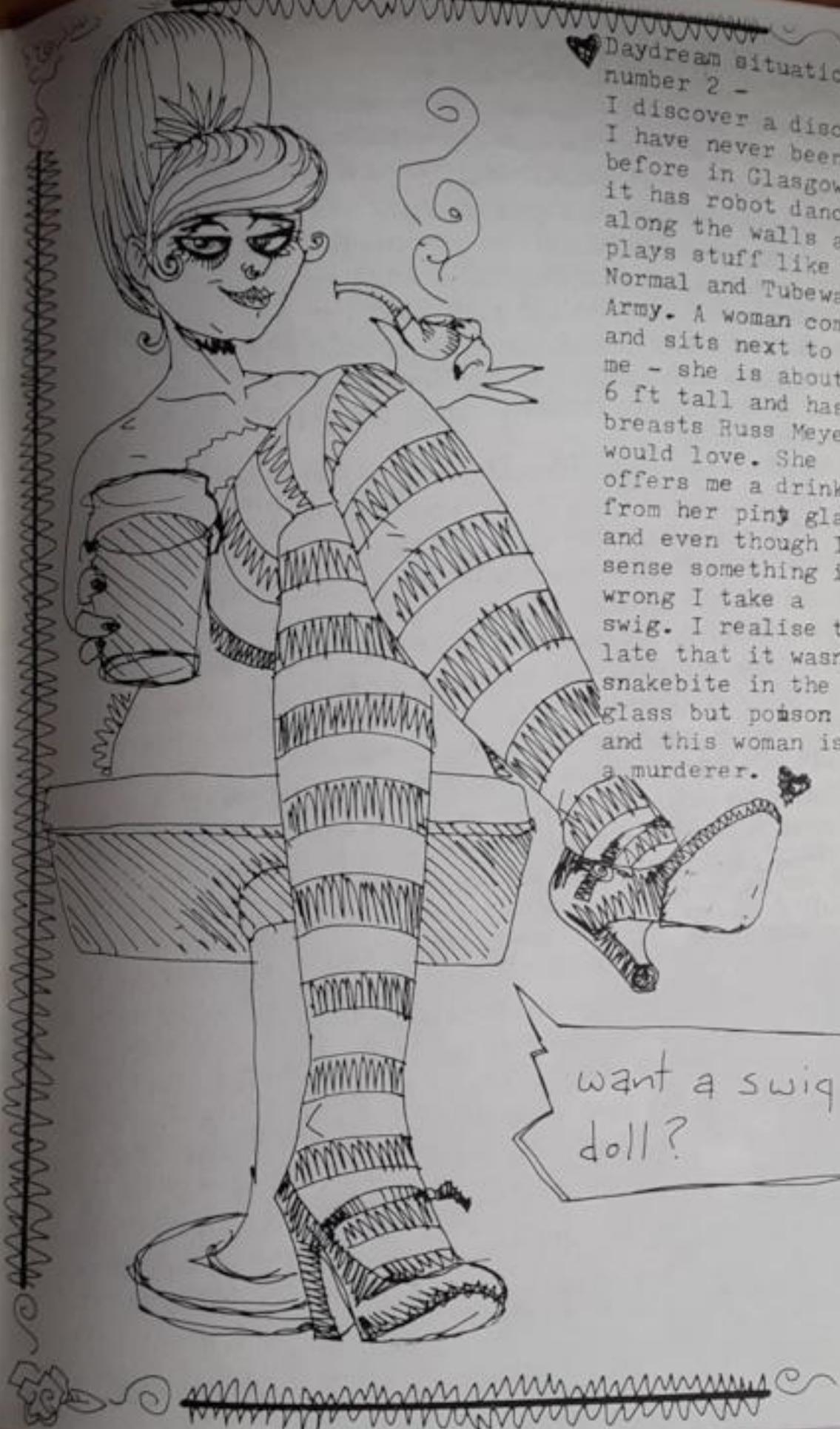
I find that the lesbian scene here is on the whole quite obsessed with participation in cliques. Dare incur the wrath of one dyke and you find yourself blacklisted and ignored by half the lesbian population in Glasgow. Not forgetting that ANYTHING you say or do will be known to EVERYONE by the day after tomorrow. Just dare split up with your girlfriend - everyone will know, and some dykes will do anything to arouse total and absolute hatred between your ex and yourself. It's like, 'who are you going to pick on this week?' Oh yeah, so and so split up last week. Lets go for it!'

I think 'incestuous' is another word applicable to the Glasgow lesbian scene. I'm not blaming anyone for this as the lesbian population here is quite small, it's just amusing to find that everybody's slept with everybody - you go out with your girlfriend and you find yourselves sitting at a table with 3 of her ex's and 2 of yours, not forgetting your best pal who went out with her 2 months previously.

So is there anything refreshing in this stagnant scene? Well perhaps I am partially biased but Glasgow Women's Library for me is a breath of fresh air. It's not gay, strictly speaking but there are a lot of lesbians involved in the group. The Library is friendly whether you've been going for months or it's your first time and participation is warmly-welcomed. Personally I've met some very special women through the library.

Of course there are other lesbian groups worth looking into which I will be doing so as soon as I can. Also worth a mention as lesbian hot spots are Scottish Universities Women's Football Tournaments, one of which I was involved in last Sunday at St Andrews. Top prize goes to Aberdeen Uni team which looked to be 99% dyke. (Unfortunately neither us nor themselves won the cup though we did get into the semis).





Daydream situation  
number 2 -

I discover a disco  
I have never been to  
before in Glasgow,  
it has robot dancers  
along the walls and  
plays stuff like The  
Normal and Tubeway  
Army. A woman comes  
and sits next to  
me - she is about  
6 ft tall and has  
breasts Russ Meyer  
would love. She  
offers me a drink  
from her pink glass  
and even though I  
sense something is  
wrong I take a  
swig. I realise too  
late that it wasn't  
snakebite in the  
glass but poison  
and this woman is  
a murderer.

## BUT BABS, WHAT IF THERE WERE NO MORE CHICKENS???

Have you ever seen *Pink Flamingos*? It's an amazing film, full of joy & crime & incredible characters, all the better because you know they're all like minded friends opening the doors of inhibition & could easily be me or you or you or your wife. Except the Egg Lady, Edith Massey. The woman in the Coin-Op Laundromat on Banks St (my local) is a wee bit like a twisted Edith Massey. She'd be great in our film (*Puchanski Take A Hike*), bossy, dovr & humourless as opposed to Mauna Edie's cheerier-than-thou demeanour, whether we could get her in a revealing leather-one-piece like Edie's is another matter.

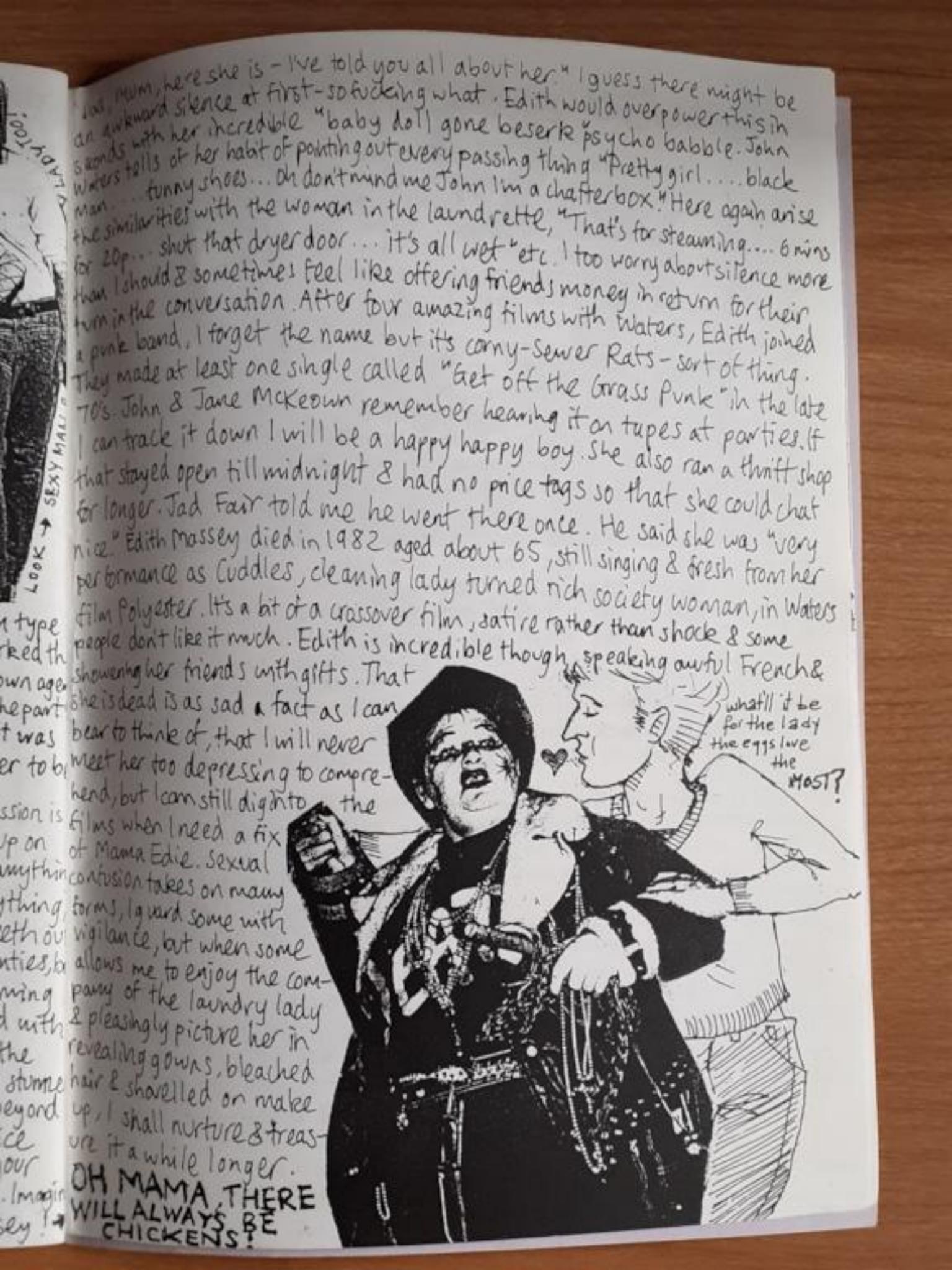
Of all the stars in John Waters' films, Edith was the most bizarre, ignoring all traditional acting rules. She would often read stage instructions as well as lines eg. "Here's your money officer, takes \$10 from bra." Cookie Mueller called her the world's best terrible actress. She was born between 1910-20 & had been through all the genuine white collar deviancy phases, all those character forming prohibition type jobs like; Madam of a brothel that fronted as a hot dog stand, call girl etc. She worked the streets of Hollywood selling razors, pens & combs to young hopefuls. A pen to note down ages, a comb to look smart & a razor to slit their wrists when they didn't get the part. By the late 60's she was running Pete's Bar in the seediest part of Baltimore. It was there that John Waters spotted her incredible beauty & talent & asked her to meet her too in his next film. Edith thought she was going to Hollywood.

One thing people sometimes point out as regards an Edith Massey obsession is that she was old, toothless, fat & horible, someone to avoid looking at, not put up on & Mama Edie's fantasies about. I'm not much of a chubby chaser or anything, I guard don't lie awake dreaming of a lover who takes her teeth in girdle, but I love my Edith Massey pictures & I love her in panties, allows me to & girdle & leather one piece equally. Maybe it's coming out of the not even religion to kick against, but surely the revealing desire to take home a stumpy hair & shaved can be explored way beyond up, I shall not the easy option of a nice polite boy/girl that your folks can't fail to like. Imagine taking home Edith Massey!



EDIE PUCKERS UP  
FOR THE OBLIGATORY  
LUV SCENE

OH, MAM  
WILL ALWA  
CHICK



1st Mum, here she is - I've told you all about her" I guess there might be an awkward silence at first - so fucking what. Edith would overpower this in seconds with her incredible "baby doll gone berserk psycho babble. John Waters talks of her habit of pointing out every passing thing "Pretty girl.... black man.... funny shoes... Oh don't mind me John I'm a chatterbox" Here again arise the similarities with the woman in the laundrette, "That's for steaming.... 6 mins for 20p... shut that dryer door... it's all wet" etc. I too worry about silence more than I should & sometimes feel like offering friends money in return for their turn in the conversation. After four amazing films with Waters, Edith joined a punk band, I forget the name but it's Corny-Sewer Rats - sort of thing. They made at least one single called "Get off the Grass Punk" in the late 70's. John & Jane McKeown remember hearing it on tapes at parties. If I can track it down I will be a happy happy boy. She also ran a thrift shop that stayed open till midnight & had no price tags so that she could chat for longer. Jad Fair told me he went there once. He said she was "very nice". Edith Massey died in 1982 aged about 65, still singing & fresh from her performance as Cuddles, cleaning lady turned rich society woman, in Waters' film Polyester. It's a bit of a crossover film, satire rather than shock & some people don't like it much. Edith is incredible though, speaking awful French & showering her friends with gifts. That she is dead is as sad a fact as I can bear to think of, that I will never meet her too depressing to comprehend, but I can still dig into the

session is films when I need a fix up on of Mama Edie. Sexual mything confusion takes on many forms, I guard some with vigilance, but when some allows me to enjoy the company of the laundry lady & pleasingly picture her in revealing gowns, bleached hair & shavelled on make up, I shall nurture & treasure it a while longer.

OH MAMA, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE CHICKENS!

# BAUBO and Coyote Dick



I'm far from interested in stuff like tarot cards, superstitions or myths but there is one story about 'the gods' which I am fond of. The story is about BAUBO : THE BELLY GODDESS, who "spoke from between her legs.". Baubo was a Greek goddess, the so-called 'Goddess of obscenity'. Now the REAL and proper meaning of the word OBSCENE is not vulgarity but sorcery - co-eh? The story goes like this :-

Demeter, the 'earth mother' in greek mythology, had a beautiful daughter called Persephone who was out playing one day. She saw a nice flower and went to grab it but the ground went all funny and cracked and Hades, god of the underworld (the devil?) appeared and snatched her and took her under the ground with him. Demeter was pissed off and went a hunting for her daughter, she looked for months and during that time she let nothing grow (I think this is the greek explanation of winter). After ages of hopeless searching she slumped down by a well and this woman came up to her. She came up to her dancing and wiggling her hips suggesting sex and shaking her tits. Demeter couldn't help smiling a little. The dancing female was magic as she had no head at all, her nipples were her eyes and her vulva her mouth. Through this mouth she started telling Demeter some dirty jokes and Demeter started laughing and they laughed together. It was this laughter that shook Demeter out of her depression and with Baubos help she managed to find her kid and everything was back to normal. One of the 'dirty' stories Baubo told Demeter was the story of COYOTE DICK and it goes like this :-

Once upon a time there was Coyote Dick and he was both the smartest and dumbest creatures ever. All the time he was either hungry, playing tricks on people or sleeping. One day while he was sleeping his penis got really bored and decided to have an adventure of its own. So the penis disattached itself from old' Coyote and ran down the road, well hopped, having one leg and all. It was having a fun time but then it hopped into a forest and right into some nettles. It screamed in pain, poor thing! The sound of its squeaking woke Coyote Dick, and when he reached down to start his heart with the accustomed crank, it was gone! Coyote Dick ran down the road and found his penis. Gently he lifted it out the nettles, patted him and put him back where he belonged. I'm not turning into a hippy am I?



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## Get Your Tits Out For the Girls

HAVE GOT THEM OUT -

the Slits, Sandra Bernhard, Jeanette Winterson, P J Harvey, Annie Sprinkle, Lydia Lunch, La Chiccolina, Patti Smith, Madonna, Lisa Suckdog, Edith Massey, Courtney Love, Cosey Fanni Tutti, Christina Rosshaq. HAVN'T GOT THEM OUT -

Mrs. Thatcher, Kylie Minogue (yet), Mother Teresa, The Raincoats, Divine, Camille Paglia (yet), Hufty (thank fuck), Shampoo, Huggy Bear.

as for my own tits - i never thought about them that much until recently when i decided i want something pierced - and not some boring bit of your body like yr eyebrow or something - somewhere tactile and sensitive - ooo, the thought of it taken me so excited! Since one on your clitoris isn't supposed to be a particularly good idea as eventually it just doesn't work - i'm going to go for a good, symmetrical nipple job. it'll be sore and expensive i know but it'll feel and look ACE - especially with what i've got planned for special occasions - for my own personal enjoyment i am going to get nice gold hoops and tie red silk ribbons in bows to 'em. I CAN'T WAIT!

update on the pain plus if my needs were fulfilled

in the next issue of violet zine. We just seen 'piece' by Richard Kern + I think we changed my mind.

# W A T E R

for fun

experience!

involving clarinet, guitar, keyboard,  
bass, drums + screeching!

## Hello Skinny

Seek a new

## DRUMMER



female

between 13-50

willing to maybe swap  
about instruments  
a bit



then **We want you!!**

no previous experience/competence  
necessary

phone **LUCY** 0360 310425 or write to  
Violet - please do it soon as gigs + records await  
you → no time to loose!!

love **LUCY** + **SUNI**

IN THIS ISSUE -

EDITH MASSEY thing by Lawrence <sup>THURSTON</sup>  
GAY bit by Fabby  
COVER doodle by the multi talented Andy <sup>You thank you</sup>  
ANNIE SPRINKLE <sup>by Jim McLean</sup>



NEXT ISSUE



The Residents  
Richard Kern  
Ghosts  
Haido's

Inner beauty versus Outer beauty  
PLUS the saga/soap opera that

is Fabbys love life - will she marry Giovani and deny her homo  
tendencies or let Vionas husband 'impregnate' her so she and  
Vifi can have a kid!

please write to me as I like new friends and enemies (he, he)!!

love to - Paul, Sunni, Lawrence, Jane, Andy, Derek, Fabby, Stevie

product

special love + thanks to  
Stephan Drennan for Kleeneystuff  
+ tapes

VIOLET issues 1, 2, 3, 4 <sup>1</sup> this one's the best

1-3 are 50p <sup>1</sup> these are pinky, you can still get 'em, only to explain my train of  
4 is £1 postage is about 36p I think thought if not anything  
else

Sorry.

HELLO SKINNY tape - send a blank  
tape for 6 songs we dun.

ALSO COMING SOON ! FROSTIC STORY

TAPE concocted by Sunni's mum and  
her pal a la Nancy Friday's Secret  
Garden, Women on top type stuff  
accompanied by sexy music by

HELLO SKINNY order your copy now  
motherfuckers - these are going to  
be HOLD <sup>1</sup> CREATE the market!!

ALSO COMING SOON Lucy Violet/Sunni  
Puster Spunk's films and projector  
shows! Super 8 extravaganza!

Working titles - HEADS I WIN TAILS YOU LOSE

will contain lots of blue + orange  
+ pipe smoking + dead bodies!



SEASIDE PORTFOLIO  
notes by an anonymous local



VIOLET FANZINE  
write to LUCY MCKENZIE  
21 Campsie Road  
Milton of Campsie  
GLASGOW G65 8EB

NUMBER

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